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No. 173.

A BOOK OF POEMS.

BY EBEN E. REED.

To-day I chanced to find a little book
I had not seen in many a long year.
And there was something in its faded look
That filled my eyes and blinded them with tears.

I turned its pages over, thinking when
In far-off, happy summer days it lay
We read its poems, quaint and strangely sweet;
Together, in the twilights, she and I.

And I remembered many tender smiles.
And oh, how many softly-whispered words!
And songs we sung together, sweeter far,
I thought, than ever was the song of birds.

I opened at the place where last we read.

The gentle poet's fragrance-haunted rhyme;

Ah, me! what precious memories lingered there
Of that far-off enchanted summertime!

Between the faded and the yellow leaves

Some withered roses of the Junetide lay,

With perfume still clinging to their hearts,

Like memories that can never pass away.

And I remembered when she put them there;

I think I never can forget that day.

She sat with me, where, looking down the hill,

We saw the merry mowers mowing hay.

The air was full of odors new and sweet;

I had been reading, but, a weary grown,

I closed the book, and, with her hand in mine,

Forgot the world, remembering her alone.

"I love you, dear," I said; she smiled to see.

The love-light shining in my earnest eyes,

And kissed me on my brow. I feel it yet!

The memory of such kisses never dies.

"Take this," she said; and gave me from her hair.

These withered flowers, then brilliant as the May,

Are sweet, and, sometimes, will bring you back

A fragrance of the happy day.

Oh, what sweet flowers! That was so good!

Yet, like old memories, you are sweet.

On that green hill her grave is; lying there,

If she remembers, how her heart must beat!

But, like old memories, you are sweet.

And I remember when she put them there;

I think I never can forget that day.

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These withered flowers, then brilliant as the

cipline is one bearing the "Flag of the Stars and Stripes." She is a man-of-war, full-sized, conspicuous by her handsome hull and clean, tapering spars. Her sails are stowed snug, lashed neatly along the yards; in her rigging not a rope out of place.

Upon her decks, white as holystone, can make them, the same regularity is observable. Every cable is coiled, every brace trimly turned upon its belaying-pin.

It could not be otherwise with the Crusader, commanded by Captain Bracebridge. He is a sailor of the old school who takes a pride in his ship.

He has his crew aboard, every one of them. There is not a name on the Crusader's books but has its representative in a live sailor, either seen upon her decks or who can at any moment be summoned thither by the whistle of the boatswain.

If left to themselves, but few of the Crusaders' would care to desert. Even gold does not tempt them to leave a ship where everything is so agreeable. For Captain Bracebridge does all in his power to make matters pleasant, for the men, as well as the officers. He sees that the former get good grub and plenty of it, including the regulation allowance of grog, with now and then an extra glass. He permits them to have amusements among themselves; while the officers treat them at *tableaux vivants*, charades, and private theatricals.

To crown all, a grand ball has been given on board the ship, previous to her departure for the Sandwich Islands—an event near at hand. It was in return for an entertainment of the same kind, given by some grandees of the town in honor of her officers, at which more than one of these made acquaintances they wished to meet again; two desiring it with a longing of a special kind.

In other words, two of the ship's officers have fallen in love, with a brace of shore damsels, with whom they have danced, and perhaps a little flirted.

They are both young men—in rank referees—neither much over twenty. For all they are as much in love as they could be at thirty—it may be more.

It is three days after the ball, and these two officers are standing upon the poop-deck, conversing about it. They are apart from their comrades; purposely, as their talk is confidential.

The elder, called Crozier—Edward Crozier—is a little over twenty, while the younger, William Cadwallader, is about as much under it. Crozier has passed his term of probationary service, and is now a passed-midshipman. And a type of this last, just as Maryatt would have made him, is Willie Cadwallader; bright face, light-colored hair, curling over cheeks ruddy as the bloom upon a peach or pippin. He is a Philadelphian boy, of Welsh descent, from which he derives an eye of turquoise blue, often observed in the descendants of the Cymri; as also hair of a hue seen nowhere else—like threads of gold invested with a tissue of silver.

Quite different is Edward Crozier, who hails from the State city of New York.

His hair, also slightly curling, is dark brown. His complexion corresponds, and a pair of mustaches, already well grown, lie like leeches along his lip, the tips turned upward. An aquiline nose, and broad jaw-blades, denote resolution—a character borne out by the glance of an eye that never shows qualms.

He is of more than medium size, with a figure denoting great strength, and capable of carrying out any resolve his mind may make—the shoulders square set, breast well bowed out, the arms and limbs in symmetrical proportion.

In point of personal appearance he is the superior, though both are handsome fellows—each in his own style.

And as the styles are different, so are their dispositions—these rather contrasting. Crozier is serious, sedate, and though any thing but morose, rarely given to mirth. From the face of Cadwallader the laugh is rarely absent, and the dimple on his cheek—to employ a printer's phrase—seems stereotyped. With the young Pennsylvanian a joke might be carried to the extreme of the practical. He would seek his *revanche* by a lark of like kind.

With him of New York the same would be dangerous, and might end in stern resentment—perhaps in a duel.

Notwithstanding their difference, the two are friends—the fastest on the ship. This perhaps due to the very dissimilitude of their natures. When not separated by their respective duties, they keep together aboard ship, and together if ashore. They eat together, drink together, and for the first time in the lives of both, have commenced making love together.

Fortune has favored them in this: that they are not in love with the same lady—still further, that their sweethearts do not dwell apart, but live under one roof, and belong to one family.

For all that, they are not sisters, nor yet cousins; though standing in a certain relationship. One is the aunt of the other.

Such kinship might seem to augur inequality in their ages. There is none, or only a little. Not much more than between the mids themselves. The aunt is, as may be supposed, the senior of her niece.

And as Fate has willed it, the lots of the lovers have been cast in conformity—in proper symmetry and proportion. Crozier is in love with the *ta*; Cadwallader with the *sorina*.

I use these Spanish words, because the same that have been for some time sounding in the ears of the two young officers. Their sweethearts are Spanish of the purest blood. They are respectively the daughter and grand-daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo, whose dwelling can be seen from the ship—a mansion of imposing appearance, in the Mexican *hacienda* style, pitched upon the summit of a hill, that slopes out from the shore, at some distance off, towards the city walls.

While conversing the two young officers have their eyes turned upon it, one of the two assisting his vision with a telescope.

It is Cadwallader who uses the glass.

Holding it to his eye, he says:

"I think I see them, Ned. At all events, on the house-top there's something—like two heads just showing over the parapet. I'll take odds it's the dear girls! I wonder if they can see us?"

"Not likely, unless, like ourselves, they are provided with telescopes."

"By Jove! I believe they've got that. I see something that glances. I'll warrant one of them's looking through a lens, and it's my sweetheart."

"Bah! give me the glass, Cad. With all those bright blue eyes you're so proud of, I can sight a sail further than you."

"A sail—yes. But not a pretty face. No—you're blind to beauty, else you'd never have taken on to that old aunt, leaving the niece to me. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Old indeed! She's as young as you're younger—at least looks so. One tress of her hair—is worth all on your girl's head. Look at that!"

Crozier pulls out a lock, and holds it up before the other's eyes. It gleams golden with a radiance of red. He adds, drawing some papers from his breast-pocket:

"Perhaps my name is not unfamiliar to you, Mrs. St. Sylvain?"

"I have heard of you," she returned, still gazing intently at him.

"Did you ever see anything in the way of

woman's hair so beautiful? Observe the gloss and color—pure amber!"

"Oakum!" cries Cadwallader, sneeringly. "You look at this!" he adds, also exhibiting a tress. "I suppose you fancied yourself the only one who has received favors. You see I've got one as well as you. There's a bit of hair that besides yours is like costly silk alongside cheap cotton. What do you think of it? There's a color for you?"

"The color of tar!" retorts Crozier.

The two stand holding the locks of hair, each caressing his own. Then both burst into laughter and stow away their tresses.

Crozier in turn taking hold of the glass levels it on the *hacienda*.

After a time he says:

"You're right about one thing, Will—those heads are the same from which we've got our hair. The two girls, to a certainty. And I fancy they're looking this way—I hope expecting us. Well, we'll be with them, please God, before the sun goes down, and then you'll see how much superior bright amber is to dull black anywhere in the world, but especially in the light of a California sunset."

"Nowhere, Ned, under either sun or moon. Give me the girl that's got raven hair."

"For me her locks of gold."

"*Eada uno a su gusto*, as my sweetheart has taught me to say in her sweet Castilian. But now, Ned, talking serious, do you think the captain will allow us to go ashore?"

"He must; it's our right, both of us. Besides, I know he will."

"How do you know it?"

"*Bah, ma bosh*, as our Irish second would say; you're the son of a poor man—good blood, I add—while I am the heir of ten thousand a year, with a father who stands well at Washington. I have asked leave for both. Therefore don't be uneasy about our getting it. Captain Bracebridge is no snob; but for all that he knows his own interest, and won't refuse a fair request. See, there's the first lieutenant coming to give his answer, which, I'll bet ten dollars will be in the affirmative."

"Young gentlemen, the captain gives you leave to go ashore. The gig will take you, landing where you wish. You are to send the boat back, and give the coxswain orders where and when he is to await you on your return to the ship. Take my advice, youngsters, and don't be getting into any difficulties on land. As you know, San Francisco is now full of all sorts of queer characters—a very pandemonium of devils. For the sake of the service and the honor of the uniform you wear, steer clear of scamps and women."

The lieutenant, a grave man, after thus delivering himself, turns on his heel and walks away, leaving the two mids to their meditations. They do not meditate long. Leave has been granted to go ashore, and with it an order for the gig to be got ready. The boat is in the water, and her crew swarming over the side.

Crozier and Cadwallader only stay to give a touch to their toilet—preparatory to appearing under eyes both have more reason to dread than a broadside of great guns.

This arranged, they drop down the manropes, seat themselves in the stern sheets, and give the order to shove off.

Soon they are gliding over the tranquil waters of San Francisco Bay, not in the direction of the landing wharf, but for a point on the beach, some distance outside the city walls. The beacon, toward which they are steering, is the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Stealing a Heart: THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE TIDES OF LOVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS JR.,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED
SCORPION," "FEAR AND FEARLESS," "THE
HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TAL-
IMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.
IS HE THE HEIR?

THE morning subsequent to the arrival of Jasper Gowan and Henry Yost at Myrtleworth was as grandly beautiful as its predecessors.

The grove was crowded with birds, and the whole air was vocal with wild harmonies.

Mrs. St. Sylvain was again sitting in her easy-chair, near one of the windows that opened on the broad porch. The peculiar freshness and perfumes of the crisp autumn atmosphere, with its gleeful songs, was full of charms for her; it roused a feeling something akin to her vigor of early years.

The lawyer and the young man had not showed themselves at breakfast table.

The meal passed with the usual solemnity—Coral and Myrtle occupied their accustomed places, and neither betrayed, in looks or act, how deeply each felt and thought upon the events of the last twenty-four hours.

After the meal, Madame sought the parlor, where she now sat, seemingly as unconcerned as if nothing had happened on the day previous.

But, though her face was calm, she was inwardly annoyed. To one of her age, the occurrences and the excitement consequent, were not without an effect; and at the moment she was anything but well.

While her pale eyes gazed outward, she saw a horseman approaching.

"Another visitor," she thought. "I hate visitors. Why can't they keep away?"

As he drew nearer, she watched him curiously. "How familiar his face is! Have I ever met him? 'Um! I can't recollect.'

Presently, Nannie brought in a card.

"William Manning," read the lady, aloud. "Um! yes; I've heard of him. Rumor says he's an honest man, and a steady worker—a farmer, eh, Nannie?"

"Yes, madame, and everybody says good of him. He's never been here before, madame, that I recollect."

"I wonder what he wants? Do we need any thing from his farm, Nannie?"

"No, madame."

"Ahem! Well—well, show him in. I'll see him."

William Manning, as he was ushered into Madame's presence, bowed very respectfully, and paused near the door.

"Good-morning," she said, with her pale eyes riveted on his face; and, mentally, she added: "Astonishing! Wonderful! What a likeness!—he has the eyes, the chin, the mouth—how strange!"

"Madame, I have called to see you on a matter of very great importance. May I hope—"

"Yes, yes! 'um! Well, beseech, sir. Take a chair." And again, to herself: "Even his voice!—it's very like hers."

He placed a chair nigh her, and said, drawing some papers from his breast-pocket:

"Perhaps my name is not unfamiliar to you, Mrs. St. Sylvain?"

"I have heard of you," she returned, still gazing intently at him.

"People know me as William Manning, the

young farmer. I believe, as such, I have ever acted so as to merit the esteem of friends and neighbors. I remark this, not in conceit, but to further introduce myself. As William Manning, I have striven to make the name a good one. But, I have recently gained certain information which convinces me that my name is not Manning."

"Ah!" Madame started slightly.

"I have a paper here, which I would like to read to you. May I intrude upon your time?"

"Yes—go on, sir. 'Um!'

Evidently a strange something had aroused a sudden interest in Madame St. Sylvain.

"I shall read it, word for word, and will be very glad, indeed, if you will hear me through."

"I am listening."

Unfolding one of the manuscripts, he began, slowly and distinctly:

"About twenty-three years ago, Edgar, the son of Ermine St. Sylvain, married one Constance Faynhope, a young lady living north—"

"Ah!—ahem!" Madame interrupted, shifting her position in her chair.

He paused and looked up.

"Go on, sir—go on; I hear."

"The match was brought about by the relatives of both parties, and, as is generally the case in such marriages, there was no love; consequently, no happiness. One year after the wedding, there was a child. They had it christened CORA. When this child was about two years old, husband and wife separated, he taking CORA. Almost immediately upon the separation, Constance gave birth to another babe. It cost her life. But, before she died, she had the letters 'M. St. S.' pricked in India ink on the back of the babe, just by the shoulder-blade—the letters were very small!"

"Ah!—ahem!" he broke in Madame, again.

"But, the family of Constance Faynhope had met with reverses. They had been rich—suddenly, they became poor. Constance did not wish them to be burdened with the support and education of her child; so, she breathed her last, giving it to the woman who was nursing her, and who had been her attendant for years. This woman's name was Lizzie Lorne. She was, in after time, in your employ, here at Myrtleworth, disguised, and under the name of Sibyl Down."

"Ah!—ahem!" Madame interrupted, shifting her position in her chair.

"I have a paper here, which I would like to read to you. May I intrude upon your time?"

"Yes, madame. This way, sir, if you please," with a courtesy.

Manning arose, and bowing to Madame St. Sylvain, followed the slave from the room.

The old lady looked for some time in silence toward the door after he had gone; then her dim eyes lighted and sparkled in a triumphant feeling.

"Ah!—ahem!" he broke in Madame, again.

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Keep watching 'em, Max, and if any thing happens, come to me!"

In a moment she was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GAMBLER'S "NEW DEAL."

An afternoon of splendor.

The sun, now past its zenith, had warmed the fair bosom of Nature, and wakened to animation many beauties in the surroundings of Myrtleworth.

As far as the eye could reach, over field or forest, there were to be seen strange blendings and mystic hues—the red-gold foliage of autumn, the weirdly mellow skies, the nameless murmurings of myriad voices, all weaving in one sweet harmony and cheville softness around a spot so dull.

A sound broke forth that was not unlike the half-hushed warble of a mourning bird; a low, hardly audible melody of song.

A figure was roaming near the far side of the grove, flitting hither and thither, and stooping anon, to pick up a rarely-tinted leaf, or to pluck a browned stem from its bed of moss.

It was Myrtle. She was very fond of autumn leaves and grasses, and gathered many an unique bouquet to place about her room.

She was singing lowly; the words were speak-

ing, truly, the feelings of her heart at the mo-

"Tis love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day, nor night, my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear."

Myrtle did not dream that, while her lips were framing the secret of her soul—betraying how her thoughts were centered on absent Richard Wayn—a pair of darkly-brilliant eyes were watching her from a bushy screen near by.

Unconscious of the surveillance, she sung on, in a strain that seemed to tell of a gradual me-

lancholy.

Presently, she sat down on a gnarled root,

and began to arrange, in an idle way, the bunch of grasses which she held.

A stream of sunlight poured down upon her through the naked branches of the trees, and lent a peculiar loveliness to the picture.

"Richard Wayn—Richard Wayn—" she breathed softly, to herself, as she twirled and twirled the leaves in her fingers. "Oh! how dear that name sounds to me now. How sweet it is to love—and be loved. And I do love him with my whole heart! Richard Wayn—Richard Wayn—will you come back to me?"

"Miss St. Sylvie,"

It was a sudden, though timid intrusion upon her musings. She looked quickly up with a startled mien.

Henry Yost was standing over her.

"I hope I do not interrupt some sacred re-
lire of yours," he continued, with a smile.

"Oh, no. Are you, too, hunting for some-
thing pretty in the grove?"—you can see what I've been at. Did you hear what I was say-
ing?"

"To the last inquiry—no. To the first—yes;
and I think I've found it. I heard you singing.
It was full of music—words, voice, air, all.
Beautiful! It reminded me of another verse
by the same author:

"I'm sure that once have heard at night,
And it was sung by shapes of light.
Who seemed, like thee, to breathe of heaven."

Myrtle blushed. The compliment was too plain. Too much.

Yost was certainly handsome—unusually so this afternoon; and his flashing bright eyes were sparkling with admiration for the young girl as he spoke.

She felt that he was gazing down at her, but she could not return that gaze; there was something in it which fascinated dangerously even to her.

"I was wandering at random," he went on, immediately, "and studying nature, something I delight in. Are you fond of it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ah! then you, like myself, are a dreamer."

"To a certain extent."

"Where is your limit? Time may be wasted in these silent communes; the busy world may, sometimes, call these dreamers idlers among those with whom they live. But the mind, to develop healthily, must feed on healthy objects; and what more sweet, more invigorating, more harmless, than to quaff the dews of Erudition?—give the body strength by viewing and thinking upon that nature part of which we are?—a dream, a study both that delights the heart, and purifies the essence of love into our veins?"

"We are much alike, I am sure. Our vicin-
ity is not so bright as it was six months ago—
and Myrtleworth never was noted for much
beauty; but, there are charms that linger, and
fresh ones even in the change. All seasons
have pleasures for me—because I seek them."

"You think, then, that every thing is, and on-
ly to be sought for, to be gained?"

"Yes, if you mean contentment."

"And one can always be happy if they
choose?"

"Yes."

Myrtle answered his question upon be-
lief then. A few years of trial—that were then
hanging closer and closer—were destined to shatter the foundations of her philosophy.

"But I wane Nature for deeper purposes," he
pursued, venturing to seat himself near her.

"Under a spell of thought that questions what
I see, I think there is more balm for a drooping
spirit, more feast for newer energy, than in a
tedious sitting and listening to a tedious sermon
monotonous from the tomby recess of the church
altar. For God is all around you in these times
of meditation; and the voices and choirs that
praise Him have no law to govern the anthem,
save a pure, unquestionable impulse."

Strange speeches from Harry Yost, the gam-
bler!—and the words were uttered with a mild,
impressive eloquence.

It had the effect of banishing, to a degree, the
reserve Myrtle had at the first evinced toward
him.

But the dark, shining eyes that bent upon
her still had that strange, meaning gaze in their
depth—an expression which she did not detect.

"Oh, well," she said, artlessly, "I love Na-
ture for its pictures. I have pets: the flowers,
the birds, mosses, leaves and grasses—I love them
all. And—yes, I have felt very pensive
at times when rambling about."

"Yours is a sunnier clime than mine, Miss
St. Sylvie."

"I believe grandma said you came from the
north?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry I can not remain and converse
with you longer," half interrupted Myrtle, ris-
ing.

"What!—not going? We are hardly
quainted yet."

"I promised grandma I would return to her
very soon, and I've been out for nearly an hour
now. She is complaining to-day."

"So I heard her remark at dinner."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Yost?"

"I suppose I must. I will stay here and talk
to myself, and imagine, with my eyes shut, that
I still have you for a companion. I hope I have
not enjoyed your society for the last time?"

"I am always pleased in being entertained if
I can," was the ambiguous reply; and smiling

an adieu, she moved away in the direction of
the house.

"Au revoir," he called after her pleasantly.

White Myrtle receded amid the trees, Yost
leaned back against the tree-trunk, and follow-
ed her with his eyes.

There was a serious look in the face of the
young gambler; after a while he frowned in
a way that was perceptible, and broke out, re-
flectively:

"By George! if I could win that pure girl, I
would throw off this mask, and let Jasper
Gowan and his plots!—money and all! I
am in love with her—honestly so. If I could
persuade her—I'd turn over a new leaf in my
life, and never stake another cent on a card.
She is angelic, tender, susceptible—why not
try?"

And Myrtle, as she approached the old man-
sion, was saying:

"I don't like him; why is it I can't imagine
When grandmama introduced him and Mr. Gow-
an at dinner, I immediately disliked him. Mr.
Yost certainly has the manners and speech of a
true gentleman, but somehow I don't feel at
ease in his company, and especially was it so
just now when we were alone. Pshaw! I be-
lieve I'm foolish."

She cast a look back at him, over her shoul-
der.

He was in the act of striking a match on the
famously-wrought cigar case which he carried,
and held the cedar ready to his lips.

Suddenly she saw him spring to his feet; the
match and cigar fell to the earth, and the face
which she had conceded in her own mind to be
handsome was contorted in a scowl of passion.

She paused involuntarily to ascertain the
cause of this.

A few yards from Yost, leaning on a gun,
was another man, a stranger, she thought. His
presence had created the change in the gam-
bler's exterior. And Myrtle caught two words
that were borne faintly to her as she wondered
what the tableau meant:

"You here?"
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

Barbara's Fate
OR,
A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VENGEANCE AT LAST!

It was a delightful apartment in which Ethel
Wyndham, the popular actress, was sitting, late
that night.

A little distance off stood a beautiful walnut
cradle, with a high canopy of azure silk under
white lace; in the cozy nest slept the actress's
babe; and watching it, with an expression on
her face that you never would have dreamed
could have saddened its ripe, rare beauty.

She had not removed her dress of amber
satin in which she had performed the last act,
and on her white arms and neck still gleamed
the diamonds that had flashed with every turn
of her body.

And her darkly-pale face, where it seemed a
smile never again could come, was bent in ear-
nest attention over the sleeping child.

"Grace," she said, in those low, pleasant
tones, to a colored nurse who dozed in her
chair, "Zella has not awakened since I went
out? Bring me those smaller bouquets from
the table, and take these boots off for me. Come,
see my baby."

She arose from her chair and went across the
floor to the cradle, where the child lay, awake
and smiling.

Grace gave a casual look preparatory to the
flattery he supposed expected from him.

Then he started; stared at the child, and
turned abruptly back toward—

There she stood, in all her awful beauty—

Transfixed with the suddenness of the shock,
he could only stare wildly, and essay to gasp
her name.

But the thunder of her voice rolled in his
ears.

"We meet again, face to face, for the last
time, Grace De Laurian! Look at me, for I am
she am! look at the child, for it is Blanche Daven-
enal's!"

For a moment only he recoiled in horror; then,
his lips curling with contempt, would
have left the room without another word.

But Barbara sprung before him with a high,
shrill laugh.

"Leave me alone, Grace, at once!"

Her voice was husky and had a far-away,
unnatural sound, that made the babe in its
slumbers start, as if affrighted. Then, when I had
entered the house where that sleeping baby lay,
while all was confusion and glad excitement
below, and stole it to punish its mother, I vainly
thought to expiate my sins by goodness and
kindness to it. But, when you, unsought, came
to my very door, all the devils in my soul clamored
hungrily for vengeance. I will have my
vengeance, Grace De Laurian, and you shall
know what it is to be hunted down by the
woman you disgraced, deserted!"

Her majestic form seemed to tower above
him. He saw her eyes, flashing like a mad
woman's. He heard the quick, low breathing; and
then some bright object flashed from her bosom,
a noise, a deadly horror—

And Gervaise De Laurian was launched on
the Sea of Eternity!

"I'll do it—the fates are leading me on, sur-
ely if slowly! Grace! my writing-desk!"

Calm, haughty, perfectly at ease as ever, she
summoned the waiting attendant, and when her
writing-desk was brought, hastily pennen a message.

"If Mr. De Laurian desires the acquaintance of
Miss Ethel Wyndham, he can learn her address of
the manager. Miss Wyndham receives few calls,
and will admit Mr. De Laurian upon one condition
that he consents to see her en masque."

"Take this to Manager Robbe, Grace, at once!"

She retired to her bed, but sleep would not
visit her eyes; she tossed restlessly to and fro,
on the downy pillows, and then, in sheer de-
spair of coursing the drowsy god, arose, threw
around her a white cashmere wrapper, and, in
her bare, dimpled feet, commenced a long, rest-
less promenade.

All through the early hours of that cold,
gray autumn morning, she paced the floor; at
times wrapped in deepest depression of spirits,
and then the sad, worried look in her eyes
chased suddenly away by one of bitter wrath
and intensest agitation.

"It is impossible, utterly impossible! I
thought, in this new, strange life, I had effect-
ually overcome all the evil-heartedness of those
other days, but it arises like a mighty avalanche
when I think upon him! I hate him with an
unearthly hatred! I fled from the temptation,
and the temptation has followed me! The
very finger of Fate has led him to me!"

She clasped her hands tightly together; the
fingers cutting into the throbbing flesh.

"I will do it! his very name has fired the
worst passions of my heart! I dare declare I
will do it, with that innocent, guileless face
sleeping under my very eyes! Yes, the hands
that kidnapped Blanche's baby—that have nev-
er touched it but in tenderest care, shall seize
on Gervaise De Laurian, who has followed me
to his doom!"

And then, when the brilliant eyes gleamed
with all the intensity of her soul, and that
strange, rare smile, so terrible, lingered on her
coral-red lips, you knew it was Barbara Chet-
wynd, whom Gervaise De Laurian was being
led, as she said, by the inscrutable hand of
mysterious Destiny!

When the frowning morning broke, she had
made her breakfast toilet; later, drove out in
her carriage with Grace and little "Zella," as
she called baby Constanza; and when the air

was over, and she returned to her rooms, a
note awaited her that, when she read, paled her
cheeks for a second.

Then the proud light returned to her eyes.

"Grace, bring my *crepe* mask, and leave Zella
in her cradle. When Mr. De Laurian rings,
show him in, and retire."

She had scarcely given the directions when
the summons came from the door.

She hastily adjusted the mask, threw a glow-
ing scarlet opera cloak on her gray silk carriage
costume, and bowed a cold, graceful greeting to
Gervaise De Laurian.

"I can not tell you how grateful I am to you,
Mrs. Wyndham, for your condescension in al-
lowing me to pay my admiring respects to you
in person."

She bowed gracefully in return for the im-
plied compliment.

"I am a trifle surprised that you addressed
me as 'Mrs.' How did you learn I was mar-
ried?"

"Rumor said so. I beg pardon most hum-
bly if I was mistaken. I can but envy the
memory of the husband you were such a trea-
sure to."

A little low laugh rippled behind the mask.
"All husbands are not appreciative, Mr. De
Laurian."

"I can not imagine yours being otherwise. He
would be a very brute."

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1873.

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Soon to Appear!

A NEW SERIAL ROMANCE

By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

A tale of exceeding power and subtle interest, pervaded by elements of action and character that lift it at once into the region of GREAT NOVELS. Mrs. Burton is one of the very few writers of the new generation who is to rule as a bright particular star, and such works as her now announced serial,

DIVORCED;

The Cousin's Scheme

only reassure the public expectations regarding her genius and the widening scope of her constructive and dramatic powers. It is one of the

SUMMER LITERARY TREATS

that we shall offer this season to the lovers of an original American popular literature—one of six or eight serials to come, any one of which would make the reputation of any ordinary weekly.

Our Arm-Chair.

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

—What fame so perennial as that of the poet who writes our favorite songs? "The Marseilles Hymn"; "The Star Spangled Banner"; "Home, Sweet Home!"; "The Old Oaken Bucket"; "The Old Arm-Chair"; "Highland Mary"; "John Anderson My Jo"; "The Last Rose of Summer"—what emotions they excite and what a charm they have for every generation!

"Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who writes its laws," said a great man; and well he might say so, for the songs live in castle and hamlet alike, a source of ceaseless comfort, pleasure and inspiration, while the laws perish or change with every new parliament or legislature.

In the history of one song—that of our own loved "Home, Sweet Home," we have a very affecting story. It was penned by John Howard Payne, in a garret in Paris. Born in New York city, 1792, the writer here passed all the early years of his life as a clerk, a newspaper writer, an actor and publisher—in which last project he miserably failed, and became "an exile" such as his touching song depicts. Drifting to London and Paris, he lived, no one knows how. He wrote not only the song, which at once became immensely popular, but an opera, "Clara," which was also a splendid stage success; but only his publishers and the stage managers profited by this success; they made fortunes out of song and opera, and the poor author remained poor in purse although famous in fame.

Payne's friends procured for him the appointment of Consul to Tunis, from this Government; but of this he was dispossessed, by political intrigue, and he returned to this country, to battle for the place from which he had been removed. A gentleman who was in Washington, at the time of Payne's presence there, gives us these sadly interesting facts concerning the man and his fortunes.

"As I sit in my garret here in Washington, watching the course of great men and the destiny of parties, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally; he occupied the room under me some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul to Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliations of office-seeking! Of an evening we would walk along the streets. Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group that we would both stop and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings—his trials and all his cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. 'How often,' said he once, 'I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing "Sweet Home," while I was without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread.' Thus he would complain of his hopeless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. 'I met him one day looking unusually sad. 'Have you got your consulate?' said I. 'Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis—I shall never return.'

And to the Barbary State he returned, to fulfil his presentiment—never to see his native land again—for he died in Tunis in the year 1862, and his body now lies there, in the St. George Cemetery.

Payne wrote an addition to the words usually printed as all of the song. The history of the composition of these additional stanzas and the stanzas themselves we give.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Home Journal, writing to that paper, says:

"In the winter of 1833 or 1834, I was dining in London with an American lady, the wife of an eminent banker. During my visit, Mr. Payne called and presented her with a copy of 'Home, Sweet Home,' set to music, with two additional verses addressed to her; and these she allowed me to copy. I include them for you to print, if you see fit, without mentioning my name. I doubt very much whether the lady to whom they were addressed kept a copy of them. The verses alluded to were these:

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO HOME, SWEET HOME

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

To us, in despite of the absence of years,

How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;

From alluresments abroad, which but flatter the eye,

The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

Your exile is blessed with all fate can bestow! But you have been checkered with many a woe! Yet that is different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same;

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

All very sad; and yet it finds such a loving place in our hearts that we would not have other-

wise!

It is pleasant to know that Payne's memory is kept green by his many friends still living; and that a statue, or rather a colossal bust of the poet is to be erected in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

—

All this seems legitimate enough, but, when we take into consideration the amount of lying, duplicity and subtle chicanery essential to make a corner a success, we may well excuse the seeming irreverence of a popular preacher when he said: "If Hell is paved with good intentions not a Wall street broker will be there!"

—

Foolscap Papers.

My First Battle.

COME, my boy, and sit upon my knee, while I tell you about the first battle your grandfather was ever in. It was a glorious day for him, and he looks back upon it with conscious pride.

As we formed our ranks that morning, ready to go into battle, I was so full of enthusiasm

that I wanted to attack the enemy alone, and let the others come up when they got ready;

and several men had to hold me for fear I

should be rash and rush headlong into destruction;

but when the enemy's first cannon ball

whizzed over my head, I allowed myself to take a sober view of the case. Not that I ever

was afraid of cannon-balls; oh, no! I have

stood amid a thousand of them in the—in the

arsenal, but you know that motion added to

cannon-ball makes a mixture that inspires respect.

All I was afraid of was that I might get hurt;

this was the only thing in the least that troubled me; otherwise none could be braver than I, under any circumstances. I was born for great deeds and heroism, and I argued that a man who is able to support me in the style I

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THE TIE IS BROKEN.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Never more shall clasping hands
Feel sweet thrills of love;
Never, dreaming eyes behold
Visions from above.

Never shall this hand hold thine,
Never word be spoken;
I must bid thee, love, farewell,
For the tie is broken!

Never more in fond embrace
Heart to heart shall call;
Never lips onward with love
Tender still fall.

Sadly do I from the part
With my first love's token
Sorrow will be my requital—
For the tie is broken!

Though we may not meet again
In love's fervent bliss,
Though the quivering lips that sign
Feel no more its kiss,
Forth still may thy plight—
Never now is spoken.

And two hearts asunder torn,
For—the tie is broken!

How a Love-Dream Ended.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You are pretty—very pretty, Maggie."

Florrie Ernest was looking with big, admiring eyes at Maggie Winfield's sweet face, and delicate figure that was rendered doubly attractive by the bright pink silk dress, with black lace overwaist and skirt.

"Am I, Florrie? I must be if such a truthful little girl as yourself says it. Seriously, though, I know I am pretty. I know I look better in pink with a relief of black than in any thing else. I know there is no way I can arrange my hair so becomingly as this Pompadour and low coil; so do you dream for a moment that, knowing all this, I shall fail to impress it upon—Mr. Sydney Florrestan?"

There was a ring of triumph in Maggie's clear, high voice, and a sparkle in her eyes, as she pronounced his name.

"Yes," said Florrie, thoughtfully; "I suppose he is a great catch. But I prefer Albert Verener to Mr. Florrestan with all his riches."

Maggie's lip curled—the idea of contrasting the two gentlemen was almost ridiculous; and yet—she remembered the time, not a year back, when Al Verener was the most devoted of all her friends. But when this rich, fashionable Mr. Florrestan suddenly stepped on the scene, and at once was captivated by Maggie's pretty ways, why, what more natural than that Maggie should turn Al over to the good graces of some less favored girl—cousin Florrie Ernest, for instance? Piqued by Maggie's cool disposal of him, Al went desperately to work to make Florrie fall in love with him, little regarding that her sweet, pure face, with its tender eyes fairly luminous with wine-brown light, might induce many a clearer-headed man than his own precious self to lose his heart.

And winsome Florrie Ernest? What thought she of this lover so suddenly flung her from Maggie Winfield's dainty, overflowing hands—the same hands that had flung so many mortals of this world's goods to her since she had come from her quiet country home to visit Maggie?

At first, with something of distrust in Maggie, with not a little of disgust for Al Verener that he could so conveniently transfer his love from one to another, Florrie repelled coolly her lover's advances—until, when he really fine face had won on her a little, she learned to rather enjoy his society, and then believe him when he told her he never really cared for Miss Maggie.

So the little drama went briskly on. Florrie loving Al Verener more and more—yet still not as her woman's heart might have done—nor did Maggie strive with all her art to bring Mr. Sydney Florrestan to her feet.

She had him almost where she wanted him; he was her most devoted; he brought her such elegant flowers, and told her all about his palace home, and what was in it; and once actually asked her what colored lining she would prefer for a park phaeton, if she had one.

Then, when Maggie clasped her two pretty white hands together in childish ecstasy and declared how enraptured she would be if she had a park phaeton, with dark olive trimmings, she felt sure she had him, park phaeton, olive trimmings and all.

Only—Sydney could not, or would not, be brought to the proposing point. Then Maggie, so sure of him, and so impatient that she was not surer, resolved by a bold stroke to accomplish her ends.

Yes—there was Al Verener—why not flirt with him again? She had been too constant to her wealthy suitor; she would show him that, beside him himself, there were other men in the world who wanted her. Of course Al wanted her—Florrie Ernest notwithstanding; and she inwardly resolved to make Mr. Florrestan so jealous that he would secure her at once.

And of Florrie—she never thought. And granting it did hurt Florrie a little, what if it? Hadn't Maggie been floriing Florrie with benefits for months, and would not the law of compensation permit her to take something in return?

So, Florrie's cheeks daily grew paler, and the luminous light in her wine-brown eyes seemed extinguished in a peculiar, wistful, perplexed look.

Innocent little country girl that she was, the strange ways of fashionable life were forever puzzling her; yes, now positively puzzling her.

Mr. Al Verener fairly jumped back to Maggie, despite the fact that Sydney Florrestan was possessed of infinitely more worldly attractions than himself. He actually thought, poor, silly fellow, that Maggie relented, and had taken him into favor again. But suppose Al walked into the trap Maggie had set to catch Sydney Florrestan?—Maggie laughed to herself in the glass in her bedroom, and decided it would be real fortunate if he did, for then, when she told Mr. Florrestan, in such close confidence, of an offer she had had, and of course refused, why, he must be obtuse indeed not to discern how near on the end of her tongue was the "yes" she imagined he feared was not forthcoming.

At first, Sydney did not seem at all discomposed by Maggie's flirtation with Al Verener; then, at times, his face would wear a cloud that delighted Miss Winfield; and one day, he openly asked Maggie if Mr. Verener was aware of the mischievous he was doing?

"Mischief?" and Maggie raised her radiant face to Sydney with the quaintest possible expression in her blue velvety eyes. Now, surely can you not see, that he is treating Miss Ernest most scandalously?"

"O-h!" returned Maggie, dubiously, for he had said what she least expected. He had noticed that deceitful little Florrie's long face, had he, instead of her own? Very well; Florrie was wanted at home now very much. It was coming on planting-time and—

As Maggie thought of that, a malicious little spite seized her.

"I wonder Miss Ernest can take it so to

heart, as you think. A girl who can plant potatoes, and drop corn, barefooted, ought hardly to be appreciative of much sentiment."

Sydney understood her covert sneer better than she thought he could; and, to her surprise, instead of blushing at the rural allusion, and appearing shocked at Florrie's want of refinement, he started up in his chair, delightedly.

"Is it possible Miss Ernest is such a sensible girl? My pleasantest recollections are of homely farm life with a dear mother and sisters. I must find our deserted little country girl and let her entertain me while you and Mr. Verener finish 'Maud Muller'."

He sauntered off, down the shady garden wall to the grape-arbor where Florrie generally took her work, or a book, those warm summer days.

And Maggie watched him with an undefined fear around her heart, and wondered if—How she hated "Maud Muller," and Florrie, and Al Verener!

The late autumn days had come, flinging their golden, and scarlet, and royal purple pennons on the clear, crisp air.

In her country home Florrie had been over a month now, forgetting Al Verener as fast as possible. Like a true, sensible girl as she was, she decided not to waste a lifetime of worry on a man so utterly unworthy of her, who so fully justified her first impressions of him. Away from the undeniable charm of his handsome face, she soon severed the slight fetters that bound her, only to rejoice anew in her freedom.

She and Sydney Florrestan were good friends. He had run down to the farm a number of times, and seemed remarkably well acquainted with her family, and talked freely of Maggie and her beauty. Somehow his praise of her always wounded Florrie; somehow, she found herself learning to wait and watch for his coming, to listen to his voice with a strange delirium of joy; and then Florrie deliberately declared to herself that Sydney—she even called him Sydney, as he asked her to—should come no more. He was so nearly with each other's faults, you know."

Meanwhile Maggie Winfield was trifling with Al Verener, until she brought him—her bait—into the trap. He asked her, in eager tones, one warm October night, when they stood alone, she supposed—on the piazza, to take pity on him, and let him call her own.

Then Maggie laughed gleefully; not on purpose, for she tried to mask her triumphant delight, even if her sweet voice did jar on her own ears.

"Oh, Al, I am so sorry! I thought we were such dear good friends! I always wanted a brother so, and I am sure I regarded you as one."

His white face and pallid lips told how much of a brother he had regarded himself; and, for once, Maggie positively admired him as he answered her:

"What did you mean, then, by your behavior? Do sisters generally charm their brothers so? What did you mean, Maggie Winfield?"

She shrank back a step.

"Don't scold me, Al. I never dreamed of this. How could I? When I am engaged to you—"

He uttered some faint sound, and then a clear, sonorous voice suddenly started them.

"I beg pardon, Miss Winfield. Did I understand you to say you were engaged to me?"

Poor Maggie! but her indomitable will made a struggle to escape with her from the scene of this inglorious—doubtless inglorious defeat.

"Oh, Mr. Florrestan, how you alarmed me! I think you misunderstood me; I said, of course, to say that as Mr. Verener and Florrie were betrothed—"

The quiet, sarcastic smile on his face compelled her to pause in the midst of her fabrication.

"Allow me to correct you again. Miss Ernest is no more engaged to Mr. Verener—whom I pity from my very soul," and she extended his hand in warm sympathy to Al, who stood amazed, "than I am to you, Miss Winfield. And my proof is here!"

He handed her a square envelope, that she took as if in a dream. She had no need to open it; she knew they announced—those monogrammed, white-corded cards—that Florrie Ernest would marry Sydney Florrestan.

What a pretty name it would be—Florrie Florrestan; would he get her olive trimmings for her park phaeton?—the idea of a park phaeton for a girl who dropped corn!

Only—Sydney could not, or would not, be brought to the proposing point. Then Maggie, so sure of him, and so impatient that she was not surer, resolved by a bold stroke to accomplish her ends.

And so Maggie Winfield's love-dream ended.

Remarkable Precocity.—Precocious children are not rare, but it is a fact that they are short-lived. The mental being appears to have anticipated the bodily development and life, and outruns it so essentially that the bodily organs fail to keep up and finally expire by premature strain and exhaustion.

The annals of precocity present no more remarkable instance than the career of Christian Heinecker, born at Lubec, Feb. 5th, 1721. At the age of ten months he could speak and repeat every word which was said to him; when twelve months old, he knew by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch; in his second year he learned the greater part of the Old and New Testaments; in his third year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the church, and he was able not only to repeat what he had read, but also to reason upon it and express his own judgment. The king of Denmark, wishing to see this wonderful child, he was taken to Copenhagen, there examined before the court, and proclaimed to be a perfect wonder. On his return home, he learned to write, but his constitution being weak, he shortly after fell ill; he died on the 27th of June, 1725, without, it is said, showing much uneasiness at the approach of death. This account of him by his teacher is confirmed by many respectable contemporary authorities. Martini published a dissertation at Lubec, in which he attempts to account for the circumstances of the child's early development which he was doing?

And of Florrie—she never thought. And granting it did hurt Florrie a little, what if it?

Hadn't Maggie been floriing Florrie with benefits for months, and would not the law of compensation permit her to take something in return?

Yes, the parents' first and last effort should be to arrest that precocity—not to encourage it. If the child is to live and act well its life, it must have a strong frame and firm health, and every conceivable means should be adopted to attain these in the case of all children who know at five years what, in the natural order of things, they should only know at twenty.

A precocious child is not a matter of pride. If a little one is old and "smart" beyond its years, the parents' first and last effort should be to arrest that precocity—not to encourage it. If the child is to live and act well its life, it must have a strong frame and firm health, and every conceivable means should be adopted to attain these in the case of all children who know at five years what, in the natural order of things, they should only know at twenty.

"O-h!" returned Maggie, dubiously, for he had noticed what she least expected. He had noticed that deceitful little Florrie's long face, had he, instead of her own? Very well; Florrie was wanted at home now very much. It was coming on planting-time and—

As Maggie thought of that, a malicious little spite seized her.

"I wonder Miss Ernest can take it so to

Coral and Ruby:
THE RETRIBUTION OF A LIFE-TIME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED,"
"INCEST'S DECEIT," "MADAM DURAND'S PROTEGE,"
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.
BREAKING THE TOOLS.

"You're a jewel, Lisette; a crown jewel, for that matter, and the only one that crazy old governor of yours ever had under his eyes. Never mind, my darling; there's no malice present in this." (Miss Lang always put on an air with any reference to the crown jewel.) "It's all right, my charmer; you're giving me a better push along the flowery road to success than a dozen crown jewels would be apt to do; dangerous ornaments to handle they might prove to be, you see. So Miss Coral's taken a French leave of the sorrowing parents, and given the lurch to the lover who, failing to secure the first edition, was on time laying claim to the second? Hard on our *savant*, after all his constancy. Who's at the bottom of it all now, do you suppose, my pretty Lisette?"

"Why should any one be at the bottom of it more than a silly girl's whim? And that's apt to be empty as your gallantries, Mr. Wing."

"Now, my darling, let not those old suspicions rise, and all that sort of thing. We're sure to quarrel if you go to doubt me; I should find you doubting in the old way again. A dozen years of celibacy when I might have found matrimonial felicity—alas! modesty forbids me mentioning the number of times I have been forced to give up the old root of all evil."

"Lisette, men are such obstinate dunderheads; they will assert themselves at the chance of clapping an extinguisher on their own best hopes in life. I did it, like a fool, once, and I'm confounded certain to go at loggerheads if I should find you doubting in the old way again. A dozen years of celibacy when I might have found matrimonial felicity—alas! modesty forbids me mentioning the number of times I have been forced to give up the old root of all evil."

"It's true to the war you wage against me? What is it you are threatening now, after your open avowal that enmity should cease at last—the persecutions of enmity, rather? That has reached me, as you doubtless intended it should, stooping to add falsehood at last—turning your taunting cruelty to treachery?"

"Brutus did not love Caesar less, but Rome more! You are answered, Boyd. I hate you no less, I wish you no better fate than the worst that could befall; but I love my own child more. At Ruby's pleading, and for Ruby's sake, that pitiful story of love and despair and hate shall never be made public; the revenge I contemplated shall even fall short of the mark I have in view since almost the day when I confronted you first with the truth. You can guess what that was with the light of the last two months' experience, and the object I have ceased to importune. I wanted you to suffer the keenest through the child of the rival who supplanted me; more than that, to visit the suffering on her as well. It would have been accomplished had she been forced into that unloving union which was proposed; the torture of loving and being bound to another is more acute than you supposed, or you would scarcely have joined my plea in advancing it—and she would have been spared nothing of the misery you hoped to avert."

Her cold tones had measured themselves to the form of a recital. Both were standing; stern and still, aloof from any object, self-reliant and alone as she had held herself in the steady course she had followed; Mr. Stuyvesant leaning against the wall, the bowed figure of a broken, miserable man.

"You would not have supposed that I would waver at the very last; I would not have thought it myself two months ago. But natural affections are strong, and Ruby's future shall not be marred by a knowledge of my past; to keep it sealed 'till death is the best of my power."

"That was the inference, of course, Julius. I want to know what your intentions are before I take any further step."

"Will you or will you not give me a reply?"

Surely that was the obstinacy of old, speaking through Miss Lang's unusual address, the spirit of mastery before which, clever as he was—uncommitted as he believed himself, the lawyer involuntarily quailed.

"What is the name of all that's gracious do you want me to say, then?" It was Mr. Wing's turn to assume an injured air.

"I want you to tell me, in so many words, what relation exists between you and I—that to avoid any evasions hereafter."

"If you suspect me of meaning anything by that, how can words of mine assure you?"

"Once distrust, always distrust," you know; if I had a mind to deceive you—"

"I beg pardon, Miss Winfield. Did I understand you to say you were engaged to me?"

Poor Maggie! but her indomitable will made a struggle to escape with her from the scene of this inglorious—doubtless inglorious defeat.

"Oh, Mr. Florrestan, how you alarmed me! I think you misunderstood me; I said, of course, to say that as Mr. Verener and Florrie were betrothed—"

He uttered some faint sound, and then a clear, sonorous voice suddenly started them.

"Allow me to correct you again. Miss Ernest is no more engaged to Mr. Verener—whom I pity from my very soul," and she extended his hand in warm sympathy to Al, who stood amazed, "than I am to you, Miss Winfield."

What relation but that of loving *flame* could I sustain, my own; what but the happiness of a life together charms me to a contemplation of the misty future?"

"I want to tell you, in so many words, what relation exists between you and I—that to avoid any evasions hereafter."

"I beg pardon, Miss Winfield. Did I understand you to say you were engaged to me?"

Poor Maggie! but her indomitable will made a struggle to escape with her from the scene of this inglorious—doubtless inglorious defeat.

"Stop, sir!" Ruby interrupted, an ominous flash in her eyes. "You have been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion for which you shall answer to my mother at once. Your impertinence will be received with the attention it merits, I have not a doubt."

She was crossing with uplifted hand to the bell-pull, but he threw himself ahead, and with a stroke of his penknife severed the cord.

"It may be pleasanter for your ears alone to hear the story than to have it told in presence of the whole household around. You have not treated me very kindly, Miss Harland. You have been deuced overbearing, if you'll allow me to say it, and I am going to repay all your haughtiness with more consideration than you might expect. You were kind enough to compare me with a dog, not many weeks ago, and you shall see how faithfully devoted the dog can be, notwithstanding the kicks and cuffs and general misusage he has received."

There was an underlying sneer in the lawyer's speech which her proudly-sensitive spirit resented. Seeing that he was determined to be heard, she stood silently, scornfully awaiting whatever he might have to reveal, not daring to hasten him by a question.

"I am forced to go back to the subject one not acquainted with the facts would suppose to be of a gratifying nature rather than otherwise—*you Harlands, from time immemorial, have been so distinguished for clannish pride. Will you tell me what you have heard of that unknown, mysterious progenitor of yours?*"

"Easily answered, Mr. Wing. I know nothing—absolutely nothing of my father, except that he died before my birth."

"Pitiful case, to escape the knowledge of knowing such a daughter!" that covert sneer still perceptible. "I am led to suppose that such questions as you may have put regarding him have been evaded cleverly as only such a clever actress as *Mademoiselle La Fontaine* could evade them."

"What motive you have in view, why you have troubled yourself to ferret out the secrets of our house, that of my mother's professional character included, is doubtless intensely personal to you; and any interest of Mr. Wing's can have no weight with me. Consult with that confederate of your promising discoveries—the pitiful creature Lang, who is such a worthy accomplice of such a principal, and find mutual consolation if you can for failing to overwhelm me by the magnitude of the 'tea-pot tempest' you probably expected to arouse."

"You are over-hasty, Miss Harland, when you so malign my motive. And you put me off the track, which is unfortunate, while you have the inappreciative taste to be impatient. Let me speedily set you right regarding a couple of erroneous ideas you manifestly entertain. Your father did not die before the happy occasion of your nativity—your mother was never so fortunate to possess a right to any except the family name you bear. It's a delicate subject to touch upon, my dear young lady; a case of 'loving not wisely, but too well.' Looks never kill, my charming Ruby, not even such piercingly brilliant darts as your glorious orbs emit. Blame yourself, if blame there be, for having revealed to you this not-unparalleled *meacuse* of—what shall we call it?—youthful indiscretion, little misfortune which leaves its blotch on an honorable name. I always meant to repay you for your scorn of me, but I scarcely hoped for such a means of humbling that proud will of yours."

"Your powers of persuasion would have failed at last on the credulous piece of antiquity!"

"Oh, you miserable, falsifying villain! You didn't suppose I knew that, did you? You would have thrown me over as you did once before, but I have provided against that, do you hear? Go! You shall go, but only to fulfill your promise—your promise to marry me made in the presence of witnesses two days ago. You did not suspect that, did you, of your 'credulous piece of antiquity' in the shape of a fiancee?"

It is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the comic to the terrible, from comedy to tragedy.

In the instant Mr. Wing cowered in anticipation of the wrath to come, as Mrs. Harland and her daughter turned away, and Jacobs quietly withdrew, not one of them all saw the ashy face and bowed figure of Boyd Stuyvesant shrink away from the distant entrance arch. Back to the library from whence he had been drawn by the sudden *fracas* in the hall, the dazed, awed look which had lifted partially settling back over his face again. A shivering groan parted his lips as he groped again for whatever he had sought among the scattered contents of the table by which he had paused once before—groped, and this time found the object he had sought.

"All lost—all lost! Before night all Richmond will ring with the story. Heaven pardon my guilty soul, I can never face the result."

The object he held pressed his side. There was no sound, but the life-weary man fell forward to the floor with the silent instrument which had answered to his hand fallen from his relaxing fingers. An air pistol, with a red stain upon it, shone in the bright gleam of the winter sunshine, where it lay by his side.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNITED.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter are long, back on itself recolls."

In her daughter's chamber Mrs. Harland told again the story of her early life, of her love turned to bitter, undying hate, which had left her relentless in her pursuit of the revenge fully wreaked at last, and after all so unsatisfying in its result.

"It is a hard and bitter story of a hard and bitter life," she said, in conclusion, drearily, "but no more than is fitting one of our line. We have been a proud, bad lot, from first to last, and not one but has come to a sorrowful or evil end. It is twenty years since I have breathed a prayer, Ruby, but there's one stirring in my heart to-night—that you may be spared the sorrow and the bitterness of a life like mine. In all the years since you have known life I have never felt as I do to-day. All my bitterness toward Boyd, my wish to further his misery and that of the woman he loves, has fallen suddenly away. We will go away, you and I, and leave them to the best peace they can find, never broken by reminders from me. Coral will find happiness, and with that knowledge they will surely gain peace."

It was an endeavor to stifle the faint stirrings of newly awakened remorse. A great pitying shade fitting so expressively in the dusky soft eyes, and curving the proud mouth to a tenderness so infinitely sad, that the pain and longing of the mother's heart repeated that prayer with all the yearning of fear and hope for the beautiful girl's future.

"It has been such a sorrowful fate for them," Ruby said. "I know now why I have never shared your enmity toward them, and I am thankful that it was so. I should have loved—my father"—the word sounded strangely passing her lips—"I pity and reverence him. Dear little Coral! it is hard that she should suffer—and gentle, saint-like Mrs. Stuyvesant. Oh, mother! you have been bitterly relentless for so long; let one merciful act alone for it at last. Take away the barrier which has divided those two for such a weary time. Mr. Stuyvesant has influence enough to have that first marriage annulled, and the second ratified, legally, without dragging the whole sorrowful story to light. Let it be done, mother; withdraw your opposition which alone has deterred them thus far—you, and I will be happier for it. Restore them Coral, and take the assurance of that much comfort to that weary, suffering angel of patience."

"I go to her?—Never!"

Then let me, mother. It would lighten a little of my burden, for feeling the weight of hopelessness in my own heart leaves me with tender sympathy for them. We have only each other; shall not the bond of strong affection be dissolved?"

The secret of this sudden exciting termination of his brief season of triumph, was due to Miss Lang's watchful jealousy. She had distinguished his voice in passing the parlors, and listened long enough to understand the nature of the revelation he was making. She could readily divine what use he would make of his asserted knowledge, and crept away intent, upon one object only—to baffle him in this, and

force him to a speedy recognition of her own indubitable claim.

In two sentences Miss Lang had related the assertion she had overheard him make to the one most deeply implicated by it—Mrs. Harland.

"Bring him back, Jacobs," the coldly-measured tones of the latter commanded; and the shrinking little lawyer was dragged forward like a criminal arraigned before his judge. "If you have been at Crag's Peak, if you have seen the record there, you know the truth. Take back every word of the shameful scandal you have been telling my daughter."

As an actress Mrs. Harland had been a success, but it was safe to surmise that her low, intense tones had never thrilled an audience with such powerful effect as they struck to the heart of Mr. Julius Wing. If she had commanded him now he would have gone down upon his knees and plead for mercy in the utmost humility of his craven spirit.

"I take it all back, Miss Ruby," he faltered.

"Not blame. I might have done the same, or worse, influenced as you were. That day upon the river, mother, when I knew that Coral was going straight forward to danger, if not death, I had murder in my heart. Thank Heaven, the temptation was taken away in time to spare me a life of the bitterest remorse, but in the moment I saw her deathly white face sinking beneath the bleak black waters, I suffered such agonies of anguish as I imagine lost souls must know. I was not wholly subdued by that day's experience, but it was the beginning of a change which is humbling my own pride of willfulness. Don't refuse my strongest appeal—let me take that assurance from you to Mrs. Stuyvesant?"

"You can do as you like, Ruby. I shall never, by act or word, trouble them again."

"Thanks, my own mother." Ruby's presence of her hand was a caress. They were never demonstrative in their affection for each other, which was deep and strong.

She went away at once to Mrs. Stuyvesant's room, happy at thought of the good work she had prevailed toward performing, and feeling that every moment would be precious after the hope renewed she was carrying.

Helene was alone. She sat in her favorite low chair, the pale, thin face turned in profile, her eyes closed in a light slumber. Ruby paused with a little awe stealing over her, so fair and pure that wan face seemed, and happy in its unconsciousness. The other started and awoke under her gaze, seeming surprised at sight of this unusual visitor.

Ruby delivered her gladsome message with all the tender care her strong young spirit could feel for this suffering, broken one. Helene heard, with hands clasped in a tight strain, and face slowly irradiating with a solemn joy the girl beside her could not understand.

"Coral coming home—my husband to be so in reality at last! No further persecution—nothing but peace. It will be peace, I know; I felt it coming in my dream, but it is not for me here. I had such a heavy heartache until I slept, such a dread and foreboding. It followed like a nightmare into my sleep when I seemed to hear Boyd call me—'Helene, oh my love,'—and then the burden fell away. He and I were standing together with a glorious golden light about us, ineffably at peace."

"Take the knowledge of it to him," Ruby urged.

And Helene, her wistful dark eyes lighted with that solemn joy, flitted away like a shadow, noiseless wrath. It was more than seventeen years before she had sought him with the confession on her lips she was going to utter now—the confession of her awakened love unspoken then, never to be uttered now. Strange that no warning chill prepared her for the scene she was to meet—doubly strange with that heavenly quiet of peace come upon her.

Within the library the wintry sunshine was penetrating goldenly. The cold, white statues in their niches had sought a glow from it, the silken hangings reflected it rosily, the air in the room was like a warm, fragrant breath, and the little gold-fish in a crystal globe in the window flashed and quivered like tangible essences of the rare bright light. But summer air, and rich surroundings and mellow sunshine, were blotted away. There remained only a stark, rigid form, lying prone upon the floor, the death-stricken face turned away, the silvered hair clothed in the grot that had gathered in a sunglasses pool about him.

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penetrating goldenly. The cold, white statues in their niches had sought a glow from it, the silken hangings reflected it rosily, the air in the room was like a warm, fragrant breath, and the little gold-fish in a crystal globe in the window flashed and quivered like tangible essences of the rare bright light. But summer air, and rich surroundings and mellow sunshine, were blotted away. There remained only a stark, rigid form, lying prone upon the floor, the death-stricken face turned away, the silvered hair clothed in the grot that had gathered in a sunglasses pool about him.

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Within the library the wintry sunshine was

"Suppose he denies that he was following us?" Blackie asked. "You forget, he denied that he was following you."

"Yis, but didn't I see him wid me own two eyes?" O'Shane demanded.

"What you did? The streets are free to every one; besides, you have not committed any offense which renders you liable to the law, so the man is clearly not a police spy. What does it matter if he does follow you? Come along and never mind him."

"But it's disagreeable to have a dirty belligerant like that dogging a man's footsteps all the time! By me soul I'll murder that feller if he annoys me much longer!"

Then the two proceeded down the street until they reached the hotel.

"I'll take you up to her room right away," the Irishman said. "I know where it is and it's no use bothering the office."

Blackie consented and they proceeded upstairs immediately.

Arriving at the door of Rosaline's room, O'Shane knocked. The clear voice of the girl bade him enter, and in a moment more the two men stood face to face with the diamond beauty.

She advanced to receive Blackie with outstretched hand, not a trace of embarrassment in her manner. O'Shane had watched her closely, expecting to see some traces of agitation as she met her old-time lover, but he was disappointed.

"And now, Miss Rosie, if you will have the kindness to excuse me, I'll be after having ye alone wid Mr. Blackie. I have some important business to transact down-town. I shall be pleased to call upon ye this evening, for a while, if you are not engaged," O'Shane said gallantly.

"Oh, yes, I shall always be at home to you, Mr. O'Shane," she replied, smilingly. "I am always glad to see my old friends."

Then O'Shane bowed himself out, mentally wondering how the affair would end and congratulating himself that he was not in Blackie's position.

"Sit down," the girl said, pushing a rocking-chair toward Blackie, after the door had fairly closed behind O'Shane, "and let me take your hat and overcoat. I give you fair warning that I expect you to pay me quite a visit. I'm not going to let you run away with only a how-d-yo-do."

Blackie submitted with a good grace. Removing his overcoat he gave it with his hat to the hands of the young woman, then took the seat which she had proffered.

Rosaline sat down by the center-table and rested her arm upon the polished marble. Blackie, three paces off, could not help remarking how much she had improved in the few years that had passed since they had met. The slender, fragile girl had been transformed into a stately, superb woman; time had rounded the glorious form and given a rare beauty to the winning face with its clear-cut outlines. Blackie, too, noticed with wonder the jewels which adorned her person; the diamonds in her ears alone were worth a mint of money. It was plain to him that fortune had dealt kindly with his old-time love. It was not alone the changes in her person telling of fortune's favor and of time's perfecting hand which had attracted his attention, but there was an air of self-reliance—of command visible in the girl's face and in her graceful carriage which he could not remember of ever seeing there before.

And on her part, too, she had been mentally comparing the man who sat before her, cool and impassive, with the eager, reckless lover who once knelt at her feet, pressed warm kisses upon her willing lips, and vowed himself a slave forever. To her eyes, Blackie had changed but little. His face was paler and thinner, but the dark eyes still shone with their old joyous light, and the careless, happy smile still played about the mouth.

"Well, how have you been since we last saw each other?" the girl asked, breaking the silence.

"I have lived," he replied, in the old-time careless way that she knew so well.

"And you mean by that, that, having lived, you have enjoyed your life," she said. "You were always of a happy disposition."

"And is not that the best way to meet the rude blows of the world?" he asked. "The man who laughs generally wins."

"And have you won?" she questioned, quickly.

"Yes; won a living," he replied, laughing.

"If one can judge from the fashion of your dress, you have won something more than a bare living," she said, pointedly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, warningly; "take care! Do not question too sharply, or I may try that too. Fortune has not bestowed her gifts upon you with a niggardly hand, if one may judge from the diamonds that you wear. Why, Rosaline, an Indian princess from the far-off East could not boast richer jewels; they fairly dazzle one's eyes."

"There was time, Alex, when you declared that you could not look at me because your eyes were dazzled, and I wore no diamonds then," she said, meaningly.

"Yes," and a low sigh came from Blackie's lips, and yet it was hardly a sigh, more like a long-drawn breath; his eyes, too, wandered restlessly to the floor.

The cool, clear eyes of the girl watched the face of the man. It was evident that she was more master of her feelings than he of his.

"Alex, how do I look?" she asked, suddenly, and she rested her forehead in her hand, the arm of which was supported by the table, and gazed at him in a peculiar, dreamy way under her long, dark eyelashes.

"More beautiful than ever," he replied, slowly, raising his gaze to her face as he spoke.

"And in the face of the woman of twenty-four do you discover any traces of the girl of seventeen who, like a little stupid goose, thought that there was only one man in the world, and that his name was Alexander Blackie, a gallant captain, so dashing and so handsome in his blue uniform?" she asked a smile upon her face, and yet Blackie could plainly see that there was but little mirth in the girl's heart.

"Oh yes; I should have recognized you anywhere had we met," he responded, affecting not to notice the pointed allusion to the old-time intimacy so apparent in her speech.

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; only time has improved you greatly. The rose-bud has bloomed into the perfect flower."

"How familiar that sounds!" she exclaimed; "you used to make just such pretty speeches before. I was a young, foolish girl then; and when you said that you loved me I believed it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LOVING VENGEANCE.

QUITE a long silence followed Rosaline's speech. The words had been spoken lightly enough, but there was a sting in her tone that reached Blackie's heart. The struggle was near at hand, and the instinct of the man told him that it would be a painful one.

"Young girls are so silly, you know," she said, finding that he did not speak.

"Rosaline, you are reproaching me," he protested, gravely.

"Reproaching you! Why should I reproach you?" There was a bitter meaning in the simple question.

"Because you think that I have wronged you," he replied.

"Why, how could you wrong me?" and her lips curled as she put the question.

"By proving unfaithful to the vows I swore," she said, thoughtfully. "Seven years is a very long time for love to last. I do not expect miracles in this world. You forgot me before seven months were gone, and now I do not expect you to remember after seven years."

"Forget you after seven months!" he cried in wonder; "why, Rosaline, you wrong me, upon my soul you do! It was many a long year before your image faded from my heart. Before I gave you up as one lost to me forever."

"Alex, in the old time I believed you, and now I am ashamed to learn that the man whom I once loved has fallen so low as to hide himself behind a falsehood!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly, and she rose from her seat and walked to the further end of the room, her face full of angry passion, and her little hands clenched tightly together.

Blackie did not reply, although his cheeks had flushed and his temple had burned when the bitter words of the incensed woman had fallen upon his ears.

And then, annoyed that she let anger master her, Rosaline came slowly back and stood by the side of the table, looking, with a face white as the marble upon which her hand rested, upon Blackie.

"You are very bitter against me, Rosaline," he said.

"Have I not reason to be?"

"No," Blackie replied, firmly.

"Why did you not answer my letters?" she demanded.

"Your letters!" Blackie betrayed utter astonishment. "I never received one."

"Never received one! I wrote you five if I wrote you one."

"And where did you direct them?"

"To the place you told me in my letter—San Antonio, Texas."

"Rosaline, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I declare to you that I never received a single line from you. And the instant I dared to venture, I came to Nashville after you, but no trace could I find. You had disappeared."

She looked at him for a moment with her clear eyes, and he bore the gaze undauntedly.

"There is truth in your face," she said, and then the proud spirit of the woman seemed to vanish, and all the love which she had ever had for Alex Blackie came back with redoubled force.

A moment she looked at him with outstretched hands, and then, sinking on her knees before him, she seized one of his hands and covered it with kisses.

Only for a single second Blackie gazed at the kneeling form of the woman whom he had once loved so well, and then, springing impulsively to his feet, he raised her in his arms and folded her gently to his breast. And though he held the quivering form of the lovely girl within his arms, although he fancied that he could hear the beating of her heart against his own, yet in his face there was no flush of joy, but only a look of sad resignation.

"Oh, Alex, you have made me so happy," she murmured.

"Made you happy?"

"Yes; do I not feel the pressure of your arms around me—does not that tell me that once again you love me?" she said, slowly.

"Rosaline, I do love you," he replied, in a voice hardly above a whisper, "but not as you would be loved. It is a brother's love, not a husband's that I offer you."

With a wild expression in her eyes she looked up into his face, but she did not retreat from him.

"Oh, I know all, Alex; you are going to sell yourself to Ernestine Van Tromp. For the sake of her money you will forget the woman who for your sake would give up every thing in the world," she exclaimed, impetuously.

"And the girl of whom you speak I have pledged my word."

"The word you gave to me was freely given around me—does not that tell me that once again you love me?" she said, slowly.

"Rosaline, I do love you," he replied, in a voice hardly above a whisper, "but not as you would be loved. It is a brother's love, not a husband's that I offer you."

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With a wild expression in her eyes she looked up into his face

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER
IN CHURCH.

The following, it is quite probable, will "go the rounds"—as do many of our special contributors' good things. We are quite willing to have them do so, but ask of our press contemporaries, in quoting Joe Jot's intangible rhymes, to give their just paternity.—*Pub. & J.*

Give me an eye to other's failings blind.
(Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a bright behind.)

Wake me in charity for the suffering poor—
(There comes that contribution-plate once more.)

Take from my soul all feelings covetous,
(I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss.)

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir,
(Save Mrs. Jones. I'll never speak to her.)

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight,
(I'll read that other novel through to-night.)

Make me contented with my earthly state,
(I wish I'd married rich, but it's too late.)

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind,
(Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find.)

Help me to see myself as others see,
(This dress is quite becoming unto me.)

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal,
(I wonder if they think these curls are real.)

Make my heart of humility the bount,
(How glad I am our papa's far in front.)

Fill me with patience and the strength to wait,
(I know he'll preach until our dinner's late.)

Take from my heart each grain of self-conc't,
(I'm sure the gentlemen must think me sweet.)

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food,
(I wonder what they'll have for dinner good.)

Let not my feet ache in the road to light,
(Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.)

In this world teach me to deserve the next,
(Church out? Charles, do you recollect the text?)

Strange Stories.

The Green Lady of Truagh.

A LEGEND OF COUNTY MONAGHAN.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By the green woods of Killeavy stood the castle of Desmond, the proud sept that held sway for miles around.

Bright and cheerful had the rising sun shone down upon the cold, gray walls of castle Desmond; loud and joyful had the merry cries of the bold Irish lads pealed forth on the air, when in the early morning hour, the ghostly father, the good priest of Erigle Truagh, had approached the gloomy pile, from the donjon tower of which waved the banner of the proud Earls of Desmond.

It was the wedding-day of gentle Eva, sole daughter of Desmond's stern lord; the Irish girl with the golden hair, the eyes of blue, and the step as light as the breezy air, when it bends the morning flowers by the green wood of Killeavy.

Handsome Turlough, heir to the fame and name of great O'Neal, that day was to wed the fairest flower that had ever sprung from the Desmond stock.

Young O'Neal was known far and wide as Handsome Turlough. No youth in County Monaghan braver than he; none that could so charm a maiden's eye and weave the spell of love around her soul.

Brave and handsome was the young Irish lord, fit mate for the gentle daughter of the Desmond line, so swore the stout retainers of O'Neal and Desmond alike, and yet old gossips, within their turf-thatched cabins, gravely shook their heads and prophesied woe unto the Desmond race, should gentle Eva wed the heir of O'Neal, for Handsome Turlough was a light of love; he had whispered the soft tale in many a fair girl's ear, and yet had never kept faith with one.

Gaily prancing over the emerald turf came the bridegroom and his friends, mounted on steeds that had oft neighed responsive to the trumpet's call amid the clang of arms, and now seemed conscious of the fact that instead of "war's stern alarms," they bore their masters onward to love's soft dalliance.

Through Killeavy's green wood came the light troop of gay cavaliers; loud rung the joyous burst of mirth upon the perfumed air, when suddenly from behind a gnarled tree-trunk, started an aged woman, poorly clad, and grasping Handsome Turlough's gilded bridle-rein.

The spirited steed that young O'Neal bestrode half-reared, then came down to earth again, trembling in every limb.

The gray hairs of the aged crone flew wildly in the wind, and her sunken eyes shone with a demoniac light.

A moment she glared into the face of Handsome Turlough, and then raising her skinny finger, shook it with menace before him.

"Whither rides Handsome Turlough, heir of great O'Neal?" the aged woman cried, in accents wild. "Is to wed the daughter of proud Earl Desmond? Must the lamb fall into the talons of the eagle? Oh, woe to the bride! woe to the groom! sorrow and death to them all!"

"Stand out of my way, you old hag!" cried young Turlough, white with rage, and yet in his eyes there was a look of fear.

"Not till you have heard my curse, heir of the O'Neal!" replied the woman; her frame convulsed with passion as she shrieked the words. "Not for you is gentle Eva Desmond; your bride sleeps within the church-yard; beneath the turf my Mary sleeps; go you and lie beside her; a broken heart killed the coldest dear, and her death lies at your door."

"Whether you're out or in,
In your life you shall feel
The curse of all the sins,
Handsome Turlough, Knight O'Neal!"

The bridegroom waited to hear no more; enraged to madness, he struck the old woman with his clenched fist, and she staggered away and fell, half-stunned, upon the turf.

"Come, gentlemen!" cried O'Neal, in an angry voice, putting spurs to his horse and galloping onward. The rest followed. And as they rode on in the rear of O'Neal, who, moody and annoyed, kept in the advance, the story of the peasant girl's love for Handsome Turlough and his wanton desertion of her, followed by her death, was told and commented upon.

It was not a very joyous wedding-party that came from the green woods of Killeavy and rode over the emerald turf to Desmond Castle that bright spring morning.

The scene within the wood seems ominous of evil.

And when the horsemen drew near to the castle they wondered that such a gloom and stillness should hang around the massive walls, and then as they came nearer still the loud "keen," which told of death, came swelling upon the air.

With eager haste the horsemen dismounted. The sorrowing retainers came slowly to the door; sad was the tale they told.

"Gentle Eva sleeps," the aged warden cried; "she has not awoken, and the sleep she sleeps will never be broken."

With awe-stricken eyes the wedding-guests gazed upon each other, and softly they whispered of the curse called down upon O'Neal by the aged crone within the wood.

With sorrow's pain the heart of Handsome Turlough seemed like to break as he mourned by the side of her who was to have been his bride.

The "keen" rose loud and sad when the funeral train of the daughter of Desmond's Earl wound through the green wood.

The mass was said and the hymn of the requiem prayer, and the bride slept alone within the church-yard. Slowly the mourners departed; but Handsome Turlough, flung himself upon the new-made grave and wet the earth with his tears.

Alone within the church-yard he stood. Vainly to heaven he called to give him back his bride.

Prostrate upon the mound he lay, when a gentle voice sounded in his ear.

"Weep not, weep not," said the voice, in accents sweet and clear, like unto fairy music; "youth and valor should not despair, and yows like thine should not be given unto the winds."

Young O'Neal raised his eyes. By his side there stood the fairest maid that ever man had looked upon. All clad was she in green; her skin was as white as the shroud of the dead; her eyes and hair as black as the raven's wing.

There was charmed music upon her tongue, and such beauty, young, bright and warm, Handsome Turlough had never seen before. No maid in all green Monaghan could be compared with the dark-eyed stranger.

A tender grace and a laughing light sparkled in beauty around her face; grief in mortal heart never could resist such charms.

"The maid, for whom thy salt tears are shed, thy grief or love can never recall. She rests beneath the turf. Although I am a stranger to thee and thine, I feel that my heart strangely cleaves to thee, and now that thy plighted love is dead, give my unbroken pledge to me."

The charm was strong, the faithless tears dried away, and the yielding heart of O'Neal forgot its sorrow.

"Oh, matchless maid, I pledge my love over my buried bride! Oh, come and dwell in Turlough's hall!" O'Neal cried.

"If I am dear to thee, give me thy kiss and thy pledge to meet me here one month from today!" she quickly replied.

The kiss and pledge were given, and then, straightway, the maiden vanished, melting like thin mist into the air, and in a deadly swoon, Sir Turlough fell to the ground.

To the castle of O'Neal Handsome Turlough was carried, death in every vein.

Leech and priest both were summoned, but their skill alike were vain.

Handsome Turlough had kissed the Green Lady of Truagh, the church-yard bride, and sealed his doom.

Old was the legend; who could deny its truth? He that lingers last within the church-yard hath the Green Lady power over. If he will but plight his faith to her, and seal it by a kiss, the deadly contact of her lips infuses a fever within his veins that death alone can cure.

Vain was the offer of Handsome Turlough's gold and lands; the leech failed, and the hoary priest of Erigle Truagh with pious shrift his soul released. The curse was fulfilled, and Handsome Turlough, married to death, sleeps with his church-yard bride by the green woods of Killeavy.

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Handsome Turlough, Knight O'Neal!"

The bridegroom waited to hear no more; enraged to madness, he struck the old woman with his clenched fist, and she staggered away and fell, half-stunned, upon the turf.

"Come, gentlemen!" cried O'Neal, in an angry voice, putting spurs to his horse and galloping onward. The rest followed. And as they rode on in the rear of O'Neal, who, moody and annoyed, kept in the advance, the story of the peasant girl's love for Handsome Turlough and his wanton desertion of her, followed by her death, was told and commented upon.

It was not a very joyous wedding-party that came from the green woods of Killeavy and rode over the emerald turf to Desmond Castle that bright spring morning.

The scene within the wood seems ominous of evil.

And when the horsemen drew near to the castle they wondered that such a gloom and stillness should hang around the massive walls, and then as they came nearer still the loud "keen," which told of death, came swelling upon the air.

With eager haste the horsemen dismounted. The sorrowing retainers came slowly to the door; sad was the tale they told.

"Gentle Eva sleeps," the aged warden cried; "she has not awoken, and the sleep she sleeps will never be broken."

With awe-stricken eyes the wedding-guests gazed upon each other, and softly they whispered of the curse called down upon O'Neal by the aged crone within the wood.

many a pleasant hour in the home of the Xenophons, and amid those foreign scenes I could lounge and think, and imagine after a good dinner and a few glasses of rare old wine, that I was living in the days of the original Xenophons.

At length there came trouble in the camp, for Constantine and Boyd were rivals—rivals willing to cut each other's throats for the enjoyment of a smile from Zuda, who, with woman's tact, bestowed her favors alike on Russian and American.

Zuda confessed she loved them both, and told me, confidentially, that if either of them were killed she would be perfectly willing to marry the remaining one, and with him, mourn over the ashes of the unfortunate; but to decide between them she could not, and would esteem it a favor upon my part if I could get rid of one of her suitors, by ordering him upon a "forlorn hope."

"But which one, Zuda?" I queried.

That was a matter of total indifference: she loved them both, so did her parents, but consequently she could not marry them both, and thus the matter rested, the rivals, officially, upon speaking terms, but otherwise no longer friends.

At length a dark day came for poor Zuda, for the brave Cretans were defeated in a signal battle, and with relentless fury we were driven back, leaving the home of the Xenophons to fall into their hands.

In vain did both Boyd and Constantine fight to rescue their idol, and in vain did I order up my dozen crew with promises of plunder if they advanced, and death if they retreated. All was useless, and with pain we fell back, leaving Zuda and her parents in the hands of the enemy.

Thinking over the circumstances of the rivals, it occurred to me to make use of Zuda's capture for the good of themselves, as well as for Crete, and calling my adjutant and aide before me, I said—

"Gentlemen, you are both in love with the same woman, and she is attached to each of you. Are you willing to win your bride?"

An affirmative answer was given by both, and I continued:

"That being the case, I will put you to the test; so take each of you thirty men, pick them if you choose, and you, Boyd, go by the lower valley road, and you, Constantine, by the mountain side road, and the one that recaptures Zuda from the Turks shall have her for a wife."

With pleasure the arrangement was entered into, and at nightfall the two rivals started, each at the head of thirty men, bound upon the perilous undertaking of winning their bride, by recapturing her from the lines of the Turks.

Two days and two nights dragged their weary, and to me, anxious length along, and I began to fear that evil had befallen my friends, and therefore determined to start at the head of fifty men to discover the cause of their delay.

Ordering my best men out, well armed and equipped, just at dark we started forth, and after a march of twenty American miles came to a mountain summit from which a wide view could be obtained for leagues around, and I determined to remain there concealed until daylight, for I knew that in the valley before me fifty men to discover the cause of their delay.

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